right in his yellow eyes, and says: "I'm in, Billy; I'm the gal for these sort of things. Go in!" and instead of referring him to her father, she only said: "Won't the old man bust right out when you tell

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man to pay her car fare home, and when she got to the magistrate's she just rose off the bench and told Billy she didn't see much use in splicing, and that she didn't like him anyhow; and so she went home, and Bill he went with her, and told her, he wasn't sorry, as he did not want her, and he guessed she was hard on her clothes, anyhow, and so they never got married, and the whole thing turned out wrong; but I couldn't help it, for I ain't going to put facts on record that ain't so. But it ain't a bit like any novel that I ever read, so there must have been something strange about this fellow and Mollie that I never could find out, so I'll have to let it

to Panama ever came across a household cat? In Boothamabeen, the East India Company's island at the southern termi-nation of the Red Sea, where warehouses and dwellings are overrun by rats, all at-

Sing Market Repulsion carried them on operation of the American Springs and supplies of the Springs and supplies o

She just rushed up-stairs and put on her pink muslin and her sun-bonnet, and had nary bridesmaid, and went to the magistrate's and never wept a particle, and got no presents but fifteen cents from the old no presents and the old no presents

But it ain't a bit like any novel that I ever read, so there must have been something strange about this fellow and Mollie that I never could find out, so I'll have to let it slide as it is.—New York, Standard.

Cats and their Belongings.

and Ioung at them with his claws, sometimes crouching steathily, sometimes stepping erect, with bent back and flashing eyes, at one moment turning away discouraged, at another drawn back by irresistible desire, until the taunts and gibes of onlooking students drove him away.

Cats and their Belongings.

In parts of Germany our domestic cat is not found at all, nor in all Faderland do cats ever become favorites. We know not why, but cats are rigidly excluded from Turkish and Egyptian harems. In Asia Minor they become Arabs in their roving habits, and are persecuted like dogs in Constantinople. Who of the thousands of travelers across the Isthmus to Panama ever came across a household cat a In Boothamabeen, the East India Cats can run neither fast nor far. They lack bottom. Their teeth and talons com-All through the middle ages cats were

the victims of superstition. Satan appeared to St. Anthony in the form of a black cat; St. Gregory saw the fiend who interrupted his midnight devotions flock-

this infatuated William met her at the alley gate, and he stood right up on his old legs and says: "Say, Moll, old gal, s'posen we get hitched?"

But how did Mary behave? Did she go dropping to sleep over on the bricks in a dead faint, or did she hide her gentle head on his shirt bosom to conceal her blushes? No, she didn't, and she didn't say, "I'm ever thine, my own love, dear william!" Oh, my, no. She looked william!" Oh, my, no. She looked matural history of cats. Cuvier followed him. They both ended where they began. Who were the cat's first parents, or whence the cat came, is as great a mystery to us as it was to Aristotle. The old Greeks knew and loved cats as domestic favorites. Ancient Egyptians carved them on monolyths, incorporated them in hieroglyphics, and embalimed their bodies in sarcophagi. Roman poets chanted their bodies in praises. And the tin seeking Phoenicians our cat's behavior; we are to have a storm." Before morning the prediction.

And the second of the second o

It is believed that Judge Davis was defeated by a misapprehension. One of his delegates, while on his way to Cincinnati, stated at Indianapolis that "he was riding on a free pass," and "was going to the Convention to help the Judge to the Convention to help the Judge through," but he couldn't remember the other name. It is supposed that the Trumbull men captured this class and got them to vote for their candidate, by giving him his old title of Judge. By this accident Judge Davis avoided the disgrace of being nominated, and at the

"I suppose so." After another pause—
"Suppose you'll be getting married The lady made no reply to this, but got out at the next station.

The little, long-nosed man, looked around as though in search of another victim. At last he fixed on me.

"Got a hat-band on, I see?"

"Yes, I put it on because my hat was shable."

After a brief interval-'Would you feel inclined to swap your umbrella for my walking stick and five

I felt that the time had come for decisive action. I struck the miscreant

dead at my feet and stepped out upon the platform. I believe he is buried now. I

have heard no more of him since.-Judy. Liberal Republican Platform.

THE following is the platform adopted by the recent National Liberal Republi-can Convention at Cincinnati, and which Convention nominated for President of the United States, Horace Greeley, of New York, and for Vice-President, B.

To Penna eeer came across a shoushold Company's hinted at the southern with small product at the southern and the penna of the Red See, where varietising and the penna of the Red See, where varietising and the penna of the Red See, where varietising and the penna of the Red See, where varietising and the penna of the Red See, where varietising and the penna of the Red See, where varietising and the penna of the Red See, where varietising and the penna of the Red See, where varietising and the penna of the Red See, where varietising the same time the penna of the Red See, where varietising the same time the penna of the Red See, where varietising the same time to penn of the Red See, where varietising the same time to penn of the Red See, where varietis and the penn of the Red See, where varietis and the penn of the Red See, where varietis and the penn of the Red See, where varietis and the penn of the Red See, where varietis and the penn of the Red See, where varietis and the penn of the Red See, where varietis and the penn of the Red See, where the an a penn of the Red See, where the penn of the Re Gratz Brown, of Missouri: The Administration now in power has rendered itself guilty of a wanton disregard of the laws of the land, and of powers not granted by the Constitution. It has acted as if laws had binding force

son displays in the matter of scientific and political agriculture, and which constitutes his chief qualification to preside to us over all the departments, especially regressingly sweet and precocious way of calling his father Zaccheus, for that was his father Saccheus, for that was his father Saccheus, for that was his father Saccheus, for that was the majority of 4,329 in Livingston County for Lincola, to show pell-known lines, "Zaccheus he, did his childhood, had a singular affection for those little creatures whom Providence for some mysterious reason permits to edit the country press. To one of these reptiles he became apprenticed when fifteen years old; and its name was the "Northern Spectator," While at work here he became intimately acquainted with horticulture, and especially viet the various families of the with a padressing my third annual was droped in the pride of the virtuous domestic table; "In addressing my third annual myster of syr verifer—it is recovered with part of this great nation it is with greatitude to the Giver of all Go of for the many benefits we enjoy; we are blessed with peace at home, and are without entangling alliances at home, and are without entangling alliance of the fore of the first time as Chief was present we with the succession of force property. And they will be bound to support us and our children and particular to acquire an education; with institutions closing to none the wenu

profanity which are the most distinguish profanity which are the most distinguish ing characteristic of his nature years, which are indeed surpassed only by his renowned trick of making his latest newspaper popular with the farming classes by palming off upon them waggish recipes for the making of beet sugar out of late autumn hay, and the shoeing of cow's feet to make them give buttermilk. If the cows do not comply, it is simply proof positive that they are bought by British gold. When but twenty years old, Dod's employer was sold out worse than Trumbull or Davis; but he had learned so much about polical statistics learned so much about polical statistics that anybody who ever differed from him was set down by the finger of public scorn as a born idiot and a condemned (to

be pronounced very quick) fool. Meanwhile his surviving ancestors, towit, his paternal and maternal relatives, were residing in Erie, Pa.; and Dod, being out of employment, paid them a brief but profitable visit; for it was at this time he committed to memory the tonnage in the Eric Canal since 1825, with the annual variations in tolls, the names of all vessels that passed through, the number of bushels carrying capacity of each, and the profit and loss accounts of their owners. He also suggested, while tarrying in the locality, a model for a canal-boat, which, when completed and set affoat in the canal, persisted in keeping bottom up. He explained to heavendefying scoffers that this was all right, because then the grain was likely to be wet only on one side. But the Canal to ing their gratitude and many ratskins therefor. But, as the red man enjoys solid comfort for the time he is annually permitted to go forth and traffic with his white brother, and sell him furs and baskets, with that beautiful disease, the small-pox, thrown in, the Dr. had to 'git." It isn't one of the peculiarities of the Indian race to pay for medicine to cure a disease which affords them one of the annual variations in tolls, the names of all vessels that passed through, the

ready enacted, but to learn their spirit and intent, and to enforce them accordingly. I submit these suggestions with a confidence that your combined action will be wise, statesmanlike, and in the best interests of the whole country.'

Sam Shurtliff Endorses "Dr. Pillsbury's Small-Pox Specific."

There are some curious people in this world, and they are not confined to any particular race or locality, although the culiarities of certain races may be pecu liar to them slone. For instance, the noble red man of America cannot enjoy good health without having the small-por at least once a year. It's just as natural for Mr. Lo to have the small-pox as it is for some white people to have the itch. I never knew of but one Indian who didn't have it regular, and he died soon after in consequence. The medicine man said there wasn't small-pox enough to go round, else he could have saved him. I learned this from Dr. Pillsbury, who made a mistake by rushing among the tribe in the vain hope of curing their small-pox and gain-

document with which we are acquainted:

"Citizens of the United States: Your suffrages having elevated me to the office of President of the United States, I have, in conformity with the Constitution of our country, taken the oath of office prescribed therein. I have taken this oath without mental reservation, with the determination to do to the best of my ability all that it requires of me. The office has come to me unsought. I commence its duties untrammeled. I bring to it a conscientious desire and determination to fill it to the best of my ability and to the satisfaction of the people.

"On all leading questions agitating the public mind I will always express my views to Congress, and urge them according to my indgement; and, when I think it advisable, will exercise the constitutional privilege of interposing a veto to defeat measures which I oppose. But all laws will be faithfully executed, whether they meet my approval or not. I shall on all subjects have a policy to recommend, but none to enforce against the will of the people. Laws are to govern all alke, those opposed to as well as those who favor them. I know no method to secure the repeal of bad or obnoxious laws so effective as their stringent execution.

"In coming before you for the first time of the United States, I have, in conformity of the monstrous size of her feet took four bottles and now wears number three gaters. Price one dollar per bottle.

As a moral method is a sure cure for a disposition to tell lies, and as I am writing this under its moralizing influence, this statement may be regarded as strictly reliable. It is good to kill rats, roaches, bedbugs, ants, and those insects which are so trouble-some to country school boys. Good to mend tin-ware, polish silver ware and furniture. Children that take it like to go to school and never cry for candy or book the preserves. It will cure any person of wanting to steal, and they will bring back all they ever did steal,

"In coming before you for the first time."

A "FAIR" paper in Troy, N. Y.

office,' or to serve on a 'committee.' After mending the stockings and canvassing the character of all the other men in our parish with our clergymen, who has dropped in, we go to bed. We lie awake the measles and whoopings the measles and whoopings. between the measles and whooping-cough, and late bear our wife stumbling over the door mat, fumbling about the know of the character of those Vermont

She learns such "swful" lessons,
And goes to an "awful" school;
The teacher is "awful" homely,
And, therefore, an "awful" fool.
Mary Smith is an "awful" ince girl,
And she is her "awful" good friend;
They took an "awful" nice walk one day
But it came to an "awful" cross dog;
They were "awful" afraid he would bite 'em,
And they ran home "awful" fast,
And so forth, ad infinium. The writer was troubled in spirit, And sake what sense there is in it And sakes what sense there is in it That a modern young miss must say "awful" Full a balf dozen times a minute? And he gravely expressed his conviction As a kind and fatherly friend That if they don't stop saying "awful" They will come to an "awful" end. —Household Magazia

Youths' Department.

THE "AWFUL" YOUNG LADY. BY MRS. N. D. BUHLMAN.

In glancing over the columns

Of a paper the other day,
I read of the "awful" young lady
Who's in such an "awful" way.
She lives with her "awful" father
In an "awful" grand stone house,
And sometimes is "awfully" frighte
By recing an "awful" mouse.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL.

"Who is the prettiest girl in your school?" asked Edward of his little pet, Winifred, as she stood by his side, and looked up into his laughing eyes. Uncle thought in his heart that his Winnie was, but she answered unhesitatingly-"Ruth

At this her brother and sister laughed a

At this her brother and sister hagaes a little.

"Ruth is one of the plainest girls in the school, uncle," remarked Alice, "but she hears the little girls recite in geography and spelling, and they think she is ever so nice. Every one else would tell you that Isabella Scabury was the handsomest in in school or in all the town." girl in school or in all the town."
"She doesn't look nice to me," persisted

Winnie, shaking her head. "She doesn't like us little girls around, and almost always says, 'little pitchers,' when we come near where she is talking with the big girls. That means for us to go away. Would you think such a girl was nice, uncle?"

"You believe, Winnie, in the old saying of 'handsome is that handsome does,' and so do I, too, dear. Now tell me what makes Ruth so beautiful in your eyes?"

"O, she loves us, that's the main thing; and she lets us love her as hard as we please. She always stops to help us when we tear our dresses, and cuts us pretty paper dolls at noon times, and O, I can't tell you how many nice things she does

for us."
"Well, I know from your description
Winnie, I should like her looks. People Winnie, I should like her looks. People who have really kind hearts show it in their faces, and a kind heart shining out is the greatest beauty a young lady can have. You can cultivate this sort of beauty, too, and it pays a great deal better than cultivating the hair and complexion so much as some young ladies do. It grows more beautiful, too, with age, which is not true of the other sort of heauty. Try dear children, to cultivate beauty. Try, dear children, to cultivate this highest kind of beauty, and it will make you pleasing, not only to men, but also to your Heavenly Father."—Child's World.

"He's so Obliging."

"I can't make out how it is that Bill

"I can't make out how it is that Bill Pratt always gets such good places," said Harry Underwood, the basket-maker's son, to another lad, as they were cutting rushes by the brook-side.

And Harry was not the only one who thought thus, for "Bill Pratt's luck" was the surprise of many like himself. Bill was certainly no pattern of cleverness, of beauty or strength; he could not do more than others, not so much as some, nor could he do it as well as many; but for all that it was quite true he always had good that it was quite true he always had good that it was quite true he always had good places, good wages, and a good character. When he left one master to go to another, it was generally said, "I would not part with him if I could help it; he is a good boy, and so obliging."

This was the secret of his being so much liked, and of his "good luck,"—he

was "so obliging."

Did the shepherd, the wagoner, or the bailiff want a job done at a moment's notice, while they were busy at work, it was only to get sight of Bill Pratt, and it was as good as done; for Bill would hurry through his own business without feeling it a trouble, in order to help. The cook it a trouble, in order to help. The cook never had to look for eggs; Bill would hunt high and low, and all around, to find them for her. And many other little jobs would he do in the dairy, and anywhere else, without staying to be asked; so that he was a great favorite. He did not do this to gain favor, for then he would have tried to please those only who would do him a good turn for it. If he saw younger boys in trouble, he would try to help them out of it; and he put on his shoes again after having taken them off one pouring rainy night, to walk his shoes again after having taken them off one pouring rainy night, to walk three miles to the town for a parcel containing a new gown, which the carrier had neglected to bring for the kitchengirl, who was crying her eyes out because she would not have it to wear next morning at her sister's wedding.

But it was not so much what Bill did, as how he did it, that made people like

as how he did it, that made people like him; he always seemed as if pleasing others was the greatest pleasure he had. And if he couldn't do what was asked, his way of saying 'No," was more agreeable than many people's "Yes," often is. Bill grew up the same, and through life he prospered.—The Cottager.

Avoid the Net, Boys.

Come here, boys—let me speak to you.
Where are you geing? I heard one of
your company say, "Come, boys, let us
go down to the saloen and get some
beer;" is there where you are going?
Hold on a moment; that is a bad place
for boys. I have known a great many
persons begin at the saloon or liquor shop
and end in the State Prison. Did you ever
see the fisherman cast a net and draw in
the fish? how the fish dive and flop and
try to escape, but can't. Did you ever
see birds caught in a snare or net? If you
have seen pigeons in a net, you have noticed how they try, but can't escape. Listen to what the Bible tells you: "As the
fishes are taken in an evil net, and as the
birds that are caught in a snare, so are
the sons of men snared in an evil time."
Every liquor saloen or rum shop is a net
or snare; if you go there you are in danger
of being caught. Shun it—keep away.
If you begin drinking beer, you will soon
want still stronger drinks, and once started on this track no one can tell where
you will end; but if you never take the
first drink—you will end sober men. How
easy, then, to escape becoming a drunkard, to-wit: by never drinking a drop of
intoxicating drinks. Avoid the ale, the
beer, the lager—don't begin, and you will
never get into the net or snare. Think of beer, the lager—don't begin, and you will never get into the net or snare. Think of five hundred thousand drunkards in America, all caught in the net! Some try as hard as do the poor fishes

to escape, but in vain. Avoid the net, boys, avoid the net! it is the cry of an old sentinel. Listen to the note of warnold sentinel. Listen to the note of warning—keep away from the dram-shops.

A poor drunkard ied to borrow five dollars of me a few months ago. He wandered around in drunkenness, and not ten days later was run over on a railroad track and killed. I knew him when a bright, promising boy. But he went to the rum-shop, was caught in the net, and in an evil hour ruin came suddenly upon him. Keep out of the net!

over the door mat, fumbling about the key-hole, and coming up stairs a la Nebuchadnezzar, and experience the sensation of a "corner grocery" entering our chamber. The picture becomes painful, and we drop the curtain."

—A Savannah paper says that the revert of Mrs. Rescher Stowe's fifteen thousands and fell into the kettle. From what we know of the character of those Vermont farmers, we have not the least idea that they will throw away that much sap, simply because it has had a man in it. It will yet appear on our tables in the form of syrup, and if anybody finds buttons in theirs, they will please return them to Joseph Minor, Fairfield, Vt."